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There Is A Pirate In My House



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Chapter 1 by Brooke

I walk up the long tar driveway, already out of breath from my sprint down Smith Street. It was the last day of school and I had wanted to rush home. I reached the front door and walked inside. I heard a noise coming from the kitchen. No one was supposed to be home. I peek in the kitchen and almost give myself away with a gasp. I duck out the room and wrench my phone from my pocket. I dial a number rapidly. The receiver picks up, "Hi Brian," "Swanson, there is a pirate in my house!"

Chapter 2 by Sweetybeedy



"Brian, are you ok? I know that it's the last day of school and all, but you and me know that's a little too crazy..." Swanson obviously didn't believe me.

"No, Swanson! There's an actual pirate in my house!" I shouted into the phone, but a ringing was in my ears. Swanson hung up.

Crap, I was alone. I put the phone back in it's place, not knowing what to do... I heard a loud bang in the other room. Was that a gun? The deafening noise came from the living room. I walked into the kitchen, and grabbed a carving knife from a drawer...

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